

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of Fair Rosamond.

162. m. 70

I.
When as Qu--- A--- of great Renown
Great Britain's Scepter sway'd,
Besides the Church, the dearly lov'd
A Dirty Chamber-Maid.

II.
O! *Abi---* that was her Name,
She starch'd and stitch'd full well,
But how she pierc'd this Royal Heart,
No Mortal Man can tell.

III.
However for sweet Service done,
And Causes of great Weight,
Her Royal Mistress made her, Oh!
A Minister of State.

IV.
Her Secretary she was not,
Because she could not write;
But had the Conduct and the Care
Of some dark Deeds at Night.

V.
The Important Pass of the Back-Stairs
Was put into her Hand;
And up she brought the greatest R---
Grew in this fruitful Land.

VI.
And what am I to do, quoth he,
Oh! for this Favour great!
You are to teach me how, quoth she,
To be a Sl--- of State.

VII.
My Dispositions they are good,
Mischievous and a Liar;
A faucy, proud, ungrateful B---,
And for the Church entire.

VIII.
Great Qualities, quoth *Machiavel*!
And soon the World shall see,
What you can for your Mistress do,
With one small Dash of me.

IX.
In Counsel sweet, Oh! then they sat,
Where she did Grievs unfold,
Had long her grateful Heart oppress'd,
And thus her Tale she told.

X.
From Shreds and Dirt in low Degree,
From Scorn in piteous State,
A Dutchess bountiful has made
Of me a Lady Great.

XI.
Some Favours she has heap'd upon
This undeserving Head,
That for to ease me, from their Weight,
Good God, that she were dead!

XII.
Oh! let me then some means find out,
This Teazing Debt to pay:
I think, quoth he, to get her Place,
Would be the only way.

XIII.
For less than you she must be brought,
Or I can never see
How you can pay the Boons receiv'd,
When you are less than she.

XIV.
My Arguments lies in few words,
Yet not the less in Weight;
And oft with good Success we use
Such, in Affairs of State.

XV.
Quoth she, 'tis not to be withstood,
I'll push it from this Hour:
I will be grateful, or at least
I'll have it in my Power.

XVI.
Quoth he, since my poor Counsel gains
Such favour in your Eye,
I have a small Request to make,
I hope you won't deny.

XVII. Some

XVII.

Some Bounties I like you have had
From one that bears the Wand,
And very fain I would, like you,
Repay them if I can.

XVIII.

Witness ye Heavens! how I wish
To slide into his Place;
Only to shew him Countenance,
When he is in Disgrace.

XIX.

Oh! would you use your Interest great
With our most Gracious Q---,
Such things I'd quickly bring about
This Land hath never seen.

XX.

Give me but once her Royal Ear,
Such Notes I'll in it sound,
As from her sweet Repose shall make
Her Royal Head turn round.

XXI.

He spoke, and straitway it was done,
She gain'd him free access;
God long preserve our Gracious Q---,
The Parliament no less!

XXII.

Now from this Hour it was remark'd,
That there was such Resort
Of many great and high Divines
Unto the Q---'s fair Court.

XXIII.

Mysterious things that long were hid,
Began to come to light;
And many of the Church's Sons
Were in a Zealous Fright.

XXIV.

'Twas said, with Sighs and anxious Looks,
A General Abroad,
Had won more Battles than their Friends,
The French, could well afford.

XXV.

That so much Mony had been sent,
Such needless things t' advance;
It sure was time, as in Reigns pass'd,
Some now should come from France.

XXVI.

At last they spoke it out, and said,
'Twas of the last import,

That there should be a thorough Change
In Army, Fleet, and Court.

XXVII.

For wicked J-----y M-----b
So madly push'd things on,
That should he unto Paris go,
The Church was quite undone.

XXVIII.

The Wife and Pious Q----- gave ear
To this devout Advice,
And honest sturdy S-----d,
Was whip'd up in a Trice.

XXIX.

A vast! cry'd out the Admiral;
No-near, you Rogues, no-near!
Your Ship will be amongst the Rocks,
If at this rate you steer!

XXX.

With that the Man that kept the Cash;
Slipt in a word or two;
Which made an old Acquaintance think
This Game would never do.

XXXI.

He but one Eye had in his Head,
But with that one he saw,
These Priests might bring about his ruin
A thing we call Club-Law.

XXXII.

He on his Pillow laid his Head,
And on mature Debate
With that, and what his Wife resolv'd,
To play a Trick of State.

XXXIII.

Like Dr. B---s much renown'd,
Of one he did take care;
Then slipt his Cloak, and left the rest
All in most sad Despair.

XXXIV.

The Consequence of this was such,
Our Good and Gracious Q---,
Not knowing why she e'er went wrong,
Came quickly right again.

X

However, taking last Advice
From those that knew her well,
She Ab---l turn'd out of Doors,
And hang'd up M-----l.